A Soldier of the Legion

The War Romance of an American in Algiers

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

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CHAPTER 1. The Exile.

X DORAN, formerly cavalry lieutenant to the United States army. now a private in France's Foreign Legion, was quartered with his company at Sidi-bel-Abbes. During the past few months his rbule world had turned upside down.

A little while ago he was known as the only son of beautiful ran; as heir to immense wealth; as the betrothed of Billie Brookton. dazziing comic opera prime donna. Now he was none of these things. As matter of fact, he was not even Max Doran.

As Mrs. Doran iny dying she sent for him and confessed that he was of her son. Her dead husband, she said, had longed for a son to carry on his name. Her only child had been born while she was wintering in France during her husband's absence in America. The child had been a daughter, an eifin, uncanny looking creature. To shield her husband from disappointnent, Mrs. Doran had changed children with a woman in a French village, aking the intter's new-born son, Max Delatour, and bribing the woman to take the eifin daughter, Josephine.

Max had been passed off on Mrs.
Doren's husband, upon his return, as he own child. The boy's real parents had emigrated to Algeria, taking Josephine with them.

Mrs. Doran died imploring Max to guard the secret of his birth and to keep the Doran fortune that would by law be his. But Max, recovering from the first terribic shock of the revealation, saw but one course to tollow.

Mis Doran had told him; he gave up all claims on the Doran fortune, released Billie Brookton from her engagement, resigned his commission in the army, and set forth nameless and almost penniless for Algeria in search of the real heirass.

nameices and almost pennices for Ai-geria in search of the real heiress. He found Josephine working at a hotel there. She was a valgar, queerhotel there. She was a valgar, queerlooking girl, courted by her cousin, a

Yes, there are two such men in my
French expatrate, siso named Delalife, Sanda replied; and was surtour. Max explained the situation to
her, and gradually impressed upon
her bewildered mind that she was
one man, not counting her father,
who had a place in her thoughts.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



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The Avengers By HEADON HILL

net indefinable expression which lies not only seed in his old life in seep down in eyes which have seen carnel for misel in his old life in feed of the and death at grip; a Legion look. Let him. Legion in his nafray Max and Manoni Vaides (alter Gar-Max lifted his head and let him had forward to the great wander over the faces of his rades, turned in gray stone that tedefinable expressing which lies not deep down in eyes which have seen Max and Manoel Vaides (alies Gardia) had become forward to the great march, already waguely taked of when they joined. But it had not been a march for marching's sales, its real purpose was more grave. A hand of Arak thieves and murderers on the berder of the Mrah country had to be cought and punished. Not not which was not recruits were taken disappointment for Max and decepting from that chance, and, in his rage at losing it, the made a dash for liberry from Mid-bed Abbs.

He got no further than the outsides, the forbidden Village Negre, where he risked a night visit in escreth of the man bribed to hide a certain precious hundle. Fortunately he was arrested before accuring it, for had he been trapped with civilian clothes not even his marvallous voice (the talk of the garrison since it had been heard in the soldiers' theatre) could have saved him from the fate of caught describes; the pench hattainon for munths, if not a year; death, perhaps, from fever or hardship. As it was, he secaped with civilian clothes not even his marvallous voice (the talk of the garrison since it had been heard in the soldiers' theatre) could have saved him from the fate of caught describes; the pench hattainon for munths, if not a year; death, perhaps, from fever or hardship. As it was, he secaped with civilian clothes not even his marvallous voice (the talk of the garrison since it had been heard in the soldiers' theatre) could have saved him from the fate of caught describes; the pench hattailon for munths, if not a year; death, perhaps, from fever or hardship. As it was, he secaped with civilian clothes not even his marvallous voice (the talk of the pench hattailon for munths, if not a year; death, perhaps, from fever or hardship. As it was, he secaped with civilian clothes not even to sing. When the pench had been him from trying again.

His got no further than the cutaking of the first of signification of the